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NO 42

ADVERTISING BUSINESS WHAT STEAM IS TO MACHINERY, GREAT PROPELLING POWER

Ayer's Hair Vigor Do you like your thin, rough, short hair? Of course you don't. Do you like thick, heavy, smooth hair? Of course you do. Then why not be pleased? Ayer's Hair Vigor makes beautiful heads of hair, that's the whole story. Sold for 60 years.

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PROFESSIONAL R. A. C. LIVERMON, Dentist. Office-Over New Whitehead Building. Hours from 9 to 1 o'clock; 2 to 4 o'clock, p. m. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

Jaws Tightly Locked From Nervous Spasms. Physicians Could Not Prevent Fits. Dr. Miles' Nervine Cured My Wife.

Who is Your Candidate ROOSEVELT OR PARKER? The coming campaign promises to be close. Neither candidate is certain of success. Events may happen which will change the whole aspect of the political situation.

The Washington Post has a perfect telegraphic service, its special correspondents rank first in the newspaper profession, and all the news is printed without bias or favor of either party. The Post is thoroughly independent, and each day will give the true situation, uncolored by partisan zeal.

EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS.

OBSERVATIONS OF PASSING EVENTS.

SUNDAY'S Morning Post referred to the present long drought as follows: "Yesterday was the 25th day since any rain has fallen in Raleigh and vicinity, this being the longest period of drought since the weather bureau was established here in 1887. The longest previous period of dry weather was 22 days, from September 15th to October 6th. The present period of drought dates from September 21st."

PERHAPS the two best known candidates for Governor in the States are W. L. Douglas, who is the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, and George W. Peck, who is Democratic candidate for Governor in Wisconsin. W. L. Douglas is the \$3 shoe man, to whom it is said a letter was directed by simply pasting his picture on the envelope, and it reached him all right. Candidate Peck is said to be the author of "Peek's Bad Boy," which some years ago was read with so much avidity by those who are fond of that class of literature.

O. J. SPEARS was nominated in Fayetteville some days ago on the Republican ticket for Congress. He made a speech in which he declared his appreciation of a man like Roosevelt who is "Ecstasy of Servility." great enough and good enough to eat with Booker Washington. The Charlotte Observer says of it: "In all the annals of fawning and knee-crooking the performance of Mr. Oscar J. Spears at Fayetteville Wednesday, in accepting the Republican congressional nomination in the sixth district has seldom been surpassed. President Roosevelt can hardly be expected to prize it as a tribute, since he must know that no self-respecting southern man would use such expressions. Spears, indeed, reached the very ecstasy of servility."

THE ruling prices for cotton during the past week have not been pleasing to the farmers. They will not be satisfied with less than ten cents, and ought not to be. It is the opinion of many that if farmers would sell only just enough cotton at present prices to meet their needs for the time and would hold the balance of their crops, they would pretty surely realize ten cents for the bulk of it. Of course no one can tell just what the price of cotton will be a month or two months from now; but the farmer who can even hold part of his crop would seem wise in doing so. Sulley's estimate of ten million bales will have its effect, for he has not been missing it very much in his former estimates.

PEOPLE are more and more coming to regard profanity as rude and inexcusable, and the man who swears is generally regarded as undesirable company while he is swearing. Recently we heard one of the circuit Judges of the State remark upon the foolish and ugly habit of swearing and he mentioned a well-known lawyer who frequently renders his conversation unpleasant by reason of his profanity. All will agree that swearing is useless and ugly and that it is to be deplored in any and all who indulge in it. It is bad in any one, but somehow to hear a man whose head is "blowing for the grave" under the white frost of many years, indulge in profanity is more shocking than in men of younger years. They seem not to have learned with the passing years neither the proper respect for other people nor any regard for the Creator, on whose goodness the life of all depends. Young men ought not to swear, for it begets a habit of which their best friends are ashamed; strong men should not swear for it shows that they learned to give way to the foolish habit at a time of life when they should have resisted; old men should not swear, for it shows that they are growing weaker in the matter of morals and manners when they should be growing stronger. The best motto for all should be: "Swear not at all."

No part of this great country is attracting more attention abroad than the South. The following editorial by the Baltimore News some days ago is interesting from two view-points. First, it is interesting in that it shows how the South is regarded abroad; and secondly, it is interesting because of the subject it discusses. The News said: "The movement started by the Manufacturers' Record, and endorsed by representative bankers of the South, to invite the cotton manufacturers of Europe to visit the South for the purpose of studying the cultivation of cotton, and to observe for themselves the extent of the increase in production that is possible in this country, should be encouraged by every person and organization interested in the supremacy of the United States as the world's cotton center. Already English spinners have expressed a desire to visit the South for the purpose indicated, but hesitate to do so unless assured that the trade will welcome them. The invitation should be extended personally and officially by Governors, Mayors and business organizations, and expressed in such terms as to leave no doubt that the South will receive them with open arms.

"Such a visit would doubtless prove profitable both to the foreigners and the cotton growers, in view of the agitation that has been started abroad to increase cotton production in foreign countries so as to make Europe independent of the United States for supplies of the raw material. The agitation has been growing for several years, but it did not assume threatening proportions until last year, when English and German capitalists began experimenting on an extensive scale in the production of cotton in Africa. Already this great staple is raised in the Dark Continent, but the quantity is too small to give an accurate idea of what could be done upon a large scale. There are millions of acres of land in the South which could be utilized for cotton. The vast tract is now a waste so far as production of any sort is concerned, but could be made valuable by the expenditure of a comparatively small amount of money.

Lulu Stanhope, St. Louis: "I used to have a horrid complexion. I took Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea and called the prettiest girl in the city." Tea or tablets, 35 cents. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

A Dinner With Tolstoy.

Edward A. Steiner describes a visit to Tolstoy in the August Woman's Home Companion. He says: "Countess Tolstoy, as every one knows, does not agree with her husband in all his theories; but she agrees with the world which worships him, and I believe that she is very proud of him, and very devoted, although her devotion has been severely taxed in various ways. She has copied yards of unreadable manuscript while babies of various sizes were pulling at her skirts; she has translated books into three or four languages, and has transformed all sorts of garments to meet the needs of the changing sixteen, her children. For many, many years she has had no new bonnet or gown, and has nevertheless, been cheerful and happy; and it is possible that there can be a greater test of a wife's goodness or a woman's greatness?

"As I have said, the Countess received me cordially, although I may have been the straw which threatened to break the camel's back, inasmuch as the house already contained a dozen strangers, and it looked as if Mrs. Tolstoy was keeping a boarding house. At nine o'clock dinner was served, and I was led into the family dining-room, which is a large apartment where signs of luxury are not wanting. There are ancestral portraits upon the walls; a piano stands open, and looks well used; there is a table covered by books and magazines, and then in the center the large dining-table, around which gathers a host of people of strange faces and forms, with unpronounceable names, and some with undiscovered histories. The Countess sat at the head of the table. To the left sat the Count, and before him a kettle containing his favorite kasha—the coarsest kind of peasant's food. He helped himself from this freely, and somewhat carelessly, as a man might who eats kasha three hundred and sixty-five times in the year. I sat next to the Count.

"Two servants waited on the table. The meat was of the Hamburg-steak variety. The Count never eats meat; kasha and two eggs constituted his dinner. It must be over twenty years since he has eaten meat, and probably longer than that since he has tasted liquor or smoked tobacco.

"There was much animated conversation, jolly laughter and good-natured joking, and the serious seemed to be banished, for we ate, drank and were merry, and I forgot that I was sitting close to a man with whom I had tried to settle the affairs of the universe just a short hour ago."

Two Extremes.

One hundred and twenty-five dollars a day is charged for the best suite of rooms in a new hotel in New York City, and one of the wealthiest men in the country declined to occupy the suite recently on the ground that he could not afford it. About the same time the newspapers were telling the story of an old woman from a country town in Pennsylvania, who, having unexpectedly inherited eight hundred dollars, went to New York, hired a room with bath at twenty dollars a day, and stayed at the hotel until she had spent every dollar. She took several baths a day to get her money's worth, and when she was not in the tub, sat at the window watching the passing throng. The contrast leads some commentators into arguing that the rich man was a miser and the poor woman a spendthrift; but this is a short-sighted view. To the one the superfluous luxury was not worth the extra cost—because he was used to luxury. The other, accustomed to poverty, may have felt that she was paying a low price in exchange for a gorgeous memory that would gild the remainder of her days.

Sick headache is caused by a disordered condition of the stomach and is quickly cured by Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

Two old farmers met on the road. "Where you been, Sile?" asked the one in yellow boots. "Been shooting the rapids," drawled the other. "Canoeing?" "No; shooting at those pecky racing automobiles that run over my chickens."—Baltimore Herald.

GALLOWS NOT FOR HIM.

Three Times Did it Fall to Work in John Lee's Case. NOW AT LAST HE IS FREE.

Washington Post. London, Oct. 1.—Dramatic as anything in fiction, not only as a whole, but in every detail, is the story of John Lee, whom men condemned to die, but who is soon to walk the earth in freedom—Providence itself having apparently intervened in his behalf. Lee is a convicted murderer, to hang whom three attempts were made at Exeter, all of them, however, proving abortive because on each occasion the drop mysteriously refused to work. That was in 1885, and soon afterward the man's sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. Now, as the result of good conduct, he is about to be released, and there is abundant excuse for recalling and bringing up to date his almost incredible story. A dispute over wages was alleged to have precipitated the crime of which he was convicted. As he was but twenty years old when a woman named Keyes, at Babacombe, hired him for a man servant, he received rather small pay, and almost from the time he entered her employ he seemed to have been dissatisfied. When his employer was murdered, the prosecution submitted that he had taken her by surprise in the night and killed her with a hatchet, and after mutilating the body and setting fire to the house, raised an alarm of burglars to divert suspicion from himself.

SUPREME FAITH IN THE LORD.

A striking feature of the trial was the prisoner's bearing and expressed confidence in his Maker. The judge remarked on his calmness, saying that it did not show that he was innocent. "Please, my lord," replied Lee, "the reason I am so calm is because I trusted to my Lord, and my Lord knows I am innocent."

The evidence, almost wholly circumstantial though it was, brought a verdict of murder, first degree, from the jury, and three weeks later the day of execution arrived. In the half light of early February morning Lee was led out into the yard of Exeter jail. On the way thither from his cell he repeated responses to the burial service read by a chaplain walking beside him, and from the scaffold he declared his innocence in the same calm manner which had made him so remarkable a figure in his trial. Within a minute the executioner had Lee ready, and, stepping back, pulled the lever. The drop did not respond. Then while Lee prayed loudly with no signs of fear, executioner and warden tried again and again to spring the drop, but to no purpose. It was said afterward that a pure white dove circled about the jail yard while this was taking place, settling on the scaffold for a moment just as the men were giving up.

UNDERWENT MADDENING ORDEAL.

After nearly ten minutes of fruitless effort Lee was removed to a shed in the yard and the scaffold mechanism tested. It worked perfectly, the hinged part of the platform folding into the pit below at the slightest pull of the lever. After pounding about beneath the floor and satisfying themselves that everything was ready the wardens put the condemned man back under the rope and adjusted the noose, but for some mysterious reason they could not budge the trap.

Once more the wretched man stood by listening to workmen, hammer and saw, examine and stamp about until by repeated successful trials they assured themselves that nothing could interfere with the next attempt. Crying, "Oh, God! help me," Lee stood over the hinged platform a third time. Another failure, after witnessing which the governor of the prison ordered Lee back to his cell, remarking that the execution would not take place that day. Back behind the bars once more, Lee fell upon his knees, thanking God for what he called a miracle.

REGARDED IT A MIRACLE.

Three days later Lee, writing to a sister, who had believed in his innocence from the first, said, "I have been dead to this world three times. I believe what has happened was a miracle. I had a dream on Sunday night that the scaffold was not ready and that they had to make another one." Another who faithfully stood by Lee from the first day of his imprisonment was his sweetheart, who vowed never to marry should her lover be put to death. At this writing it is not known certainly if this girl is still alive. Lee, who is now forty, will come from confinement in good health, except for the nervous attacks from which he has suffered ever since the attempt to hang him. At Portland Prison he is known as "the man they could not hang," and is quite a hero among his fellow convicts.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND LAR

OCTOBER.

J. C. McNeil, in Charlotte Observer. The thought of old, dear things is in thine eyes, O mouth of memories! Musing on days thine heart hath sorrow of Old joy, dead hope, dear love. I see thee stand where all thy sisters meet To cast down at thy feet The garnered largeness of the fruitful year— Yet on thy cheek a tear. Thy glory flames in every blade and leaf To blind the eyes of grief; Thy vineyards and thine orchards bend with fruit That sorrow may be mute.

A hectic glow lights thy days to sleep Ere the gray dust may creep Sober and sad along thy dusty ways Like a lone nun, who prays. High and faint-hearted thy passing might grant calls; The lady lizard sprawls On his gray stone, and many slow winds creep About thy hedge, asleep.

The sun swings farther toward his love, the South, To kiss her glowing mouth; Yet, where Death steals among thy purpling bowers, He hides himself in flowers.

Would that thy streams were Lethe, and might flow Where lotus blooms might blow, That all the sweets wherewith thy riches bless Might hold no bitterness; That, in thy beauty, we might all forget Dead days and vain regret, And through thy realm might fare us forth to roam Having no thought for home!

And yet I feel, beneath thy queen's attire, Woven of blood and fire, Beneath the gorgeous glory of thy charm Thy mother-heart beats warm; That if, mayhap, a wandering child of thee, Rudderless on the sea, Should turn him homeward from a fruitless quest To sob upon thy breast, Thine arm would fold him tenderly to prove How thine eyes brimmed with love, And thy dear hand, with all a mother's care, Would rest upon his hair.

The Necessity of Rest.

Youth's Companion. Nature's demands for rest are imperative. They are often enforced through the infliction of pain, and persistent disregard of them is punished at times with death. The unrelenting infant spends much more than half its time in sleep, and it should be encouraged to do so, for sleep is the type of perfect rest, and most essential to growth. In adult life, energy can be made a substitute for rest to a remarkable extent. The hours of sleep may be reduced from the normal eight to four, and the week may be robbed of its Sabbath; yet not with impunity. Such practices beget a predisposition to the contagious and infectious diseases, diminish the capability for efficient work, and often induce disorders of the nervous system. The penalty may be long deferred, but it frequently becomes more severe with delay. In all circumstances, rest should be commensurate with labor or exercise.

The apparent demand for rest varies with the temperament and vigor of the person; sometimes it is governed largely by habit, and it is often increased by an inability to obtain complete repose. Ability to rest is, with many people, a natural faculty, while with others it is an art. The first step toward acquiring it is generally the systematizing of one's duties so that no unfinished tasks remain at night to oppress the mind. Lassitude and drowsiness, on the other hand, are often induced by retention of poisons in the system, and rest is of little benefit until the poisons have been removed.

Benefit may often be derived from shortening of the intervals between periods of repose. A sound nap of only a few minutes' duration in the middle of the day, for example, is more beneficial than several hours of sleep made restless or broken by dreams as a result of prolonged fatigue. But the mind is more quickly refreshed than the body, and the apparent investigation after a short sleep may prove to be of almost as short duration. There are many ways, too, of obtaining both mental and physical recuperation without increasing the hours of sleep; even without idleness. Some persons can obtain it best in reading, others in conversation, and others, again, in solitude and thought, with a couch, a hammock or a rocking chair for the sake of muscular relaxation.

In addition to all ordinary rest every one ought to take a vacation of several weeks' duration once a year or oftener, at such times and in such manner as will give the most complete relaxation and abstraction from accustomed worry and care.

BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATIONS

Of America Use Perina For All Catarrhal Diseases.



MRS. HENRIETTA A. S. MARSH, President Woman's Benevolent Association, of Chicago. "I suffered with a gripe for seven weeks and nothing helped me until I tried Perina. I felt at once that I had at last secured the right medicine and kept steadily improving. Within three weeks I was fully restored."—Henrietta A. S. Marsh. La Grippe is epidemic catarrh. Perina is of national fame as a sure cure for catarrh in all phases and stages. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Perina, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address: Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Prolonging the Honeymoon.

Most love stories come to an end when the honeymoon commences, but I think it is the place where the best love story of life ought to begin. I have no sympathy with the notion that the first moon of married life has the most honey in it. True love, like true religion, grows sweeter every year. If you have married the wrong woman, bear the fruit of your misjudgment like a man. Being married, you are bound by every law to pull together; and if you are hitched wrong, pull your best anyway. You supposed she was all honey. Now you find her a jar of vinegar—but are you quite sure you are all honey? Here are some rules which, if adopted at the beginning of married life, will make every moon a honeymoon: Be absolutely true to your wife. Never give her the slightest cause to be jealous. The Bible says: "Jealousy is cruel as the grave." Some one has well said: "Take care that your hearts don't need much washing, for they may perhaps need wringing also if they do." A husband will keep his wife's love usually if he keeps his own. Most women can say: "I loved him because he first loved me." Love is both of love, and grows with the habit of it. He who rests content with the love received at betrothal will soon lose that. If the courting keeps up, the honeymoon will never be over.

For eruptions, sores, pimples, kidney and liver troubles, constipation, indigestion, use Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Carries new life to every part of the body. Tea or tablet form. 35 cents. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

"Money put that man into politics," said the patient. "You have not mixed," answered Senator Sargent. "That man is expected to put his money into politics."—Washington Star.

PILL PLEASURE.

If you ever took DeWitt's Little Early Risers for biliousness or constipation you know what pill pleasure is. These famous little pills cleanse the liver and rid the system of all bile without producing unpleasant effects. They do not grip, sicken or weaken, but pleasantly give tone and strength to the tissues and organs of the stomach, liver and bowels. Sold by E. T. Whitehead & Co.

"Oh, yes, I enjoyed my vacation. Had a fine, airy room, good food, nice grub, perfect attendance, and lots of rest." "For heaven's sake! where were you?" "In the hospital, with a broken leg."—Judge.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.